

Story # 26

Of Love and its Shadows.  
(Written Thurs. Feb. 2, 1939.)

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lat. draft  
Feb. 7, 1939

# An American Shadow.

Shadow Across America

In the shadow

~~An American Dream~~ of Love

Love and its shadows.

the Finnish girls who  
worked in the mine.

the folk -

Late

On Christmas eve in 1860 a group of

tired Russian officers <sup>on the way back to St. Petersburg from the Grand Duchy of Finland</sup> put up for the night in a hotel <sup>in the outskirts of the village of Abo</sup> in Finland. They supped and danced and danced within

~~the officers selected went to the bedroom of a Finnish waitress called Gropi and seduced her.~~

Kardus

There was Carl, the tall, dark Russian with the brooding brown eyes, who danced <sup>away</sup> with Aili, the smiling <sup>blonde</sup> Finnish girl - danced away to her bedroom, while the rest <sup>drank and</sup> sang and danced till Christmas morn. The next day the party <sup>of Russian officers</sup> drove out of the yard, <sup>with</sup> the bells from their sleighs mingling with those from the old cathedral in Turku.

Darling,

I found a new fashion photograph of you ~~today yesterday~~ in "Screen Town". It is very beautiful, and I can scarcely wait until you

I can scarcely wait until you come to <sup>my</sup> ~~our~~ <sup>our</sup> farm. It will be all ours by the time you arrive. <sup>Four cows, of the children and new electric light just in.</sup> They are still stealing your letters from the <sup>mail</sup> box. First it is Matti, then it is Akseli. It is that they are filled with love at our

great <sup>and beautiful</sup> love.

Your pictures are

I <sup>have again</sup> just read your confession of your love

life in the moving picture magazine. Your first two husbands must have been mean and dreadful men.

which I got in town yesterday  
which I don't like  
my heart's blood  
own

like dogs.

I, Akseli, <sup>your lover, your husband to be,</sup> will treat you <sup>tenderly</sup> with every tenderness, and shelter you <sup>at</sup> from <sup>at</sup> evil.

Everything will be ready when you arrive.

I have ordered a new curtain from the catalogue. If beaver trapping is good we will have a radio and new bed.

Come, Sweetheart, <sup>hurry to</sup> your Akseli, who <sup>will be</sup> waiting for you - alone.



And now,  
Even Aili <sup>Koski,</sup> the ~~swimming~~ blonde <sup>young</sup> Finnish  
girl, who smiled up at Carl when he <sup>finally</sup> caught her <sup>in</sup> the  
the dance, until finally — "There goes Sweet Carl,"  
the Russians winked — he <sup>whirled</sup> ~~danced~~ her <sup>around</sup> ~~away~~ and away  
from the rest, <sup>pinch</sup> ~~into the shadows,~~ <sup>and into the shadows of</sup> ~~her~~ into his arms, <sup>away to</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> room.  
~~while the rest drank and sang and danced till the~~  
~~birth of a new Christmas morn.~~ And <sup>outside</sup> there was ~~the~~  
drinking and singing and dancing till the birth  
of a new Christmas morn.

It took Kaarlo Koski, the Finn,  
twenty-eight years



THE

The Long Shadow of Love  
In the Shadow of Love,  
Of <sup>Love's</sup> Dream and Shadow.  
The ~~Long~~ Shadow of Love.

Of Love and  
Shadow

1.

Late one moonlit Christmas eve, many  
years ago a group of tired, <sup>singing, and gently drumming</sup> ~~Russian~~ <sup>Russian</sup> officers  
of the <sup>Imperial Army</sup> ~~Russian~~ drove their steaming ponies into the barnyard of ~~an~~  
~~small Finnish inn~~ a small Finnish village  
inn lying near the western border of Finnish  
Karelia.

They were on their way ~~to~~ to St. Petersburg,  
~~after~~ for a furlough, after <sup>many tedious</sup> months of ~~service~~  
~~service~~ in the troublous grand duchy of Finland.  
~~But~~ They would not be home by Christmas. They had  
been delayed by storm and snow and blizzard. ~~But~~  
tonight it was clear and crisp and <sup>crisply</sup> cold, and ~~there was~~  
a big moon, <sup>head</sup> lighted their way on the last lap of the journey.

The sound of their singing, <sup>and</sup> the squeal and  
crack of their sledge runners mingled with  
the sleigh bells; and lamps went up in the inn,  
doors <sup>were</sup> opened and closed, ~~horses~~ <sup>tired</sup> horses were led  
away; ~~and~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~Russians~~ <sup>Russians</sup>, still singing, stomped into  
the little inn, ~~where~~

After ~~they~~ <sup>and</sup> had supped, ~~they~~ <sup>and</sup> danced  
~~and drank and sang~~ <sup>and</sup> Christmas songs, ~~they~~ <sup>and</sup> drank  
and danced with the Finnish girls who worked in  
the inn.

There was <sup>young</sup> Carl, <sup>the</sup> tall, dark Russian,  
with the brooding brown eyes, "Juss Carl," his  
fellow officers called him <sup>out of his hearing</sup> behind his back. He had  
got a sickness <sup>in Finland</sup>, a strange sickness, that <sup>had</sup> brought <sup>quick</sup> angry  
dancing lights to his <sup>glowing</sup> eyes, and made his fellow <sup>somehow</sup> afraid  
to sleep with him, to be alone with him, to sleep with him.

But not the ladies. <sup>All</sup> The ladies adored Carl, who  
danced so <sup>gracefully</sup> beautifully, and <sup>who</sup> paid them such tender, poet  
compliments



## In the Shadow of Love

~~The moon was full on Christmas eve in~~  
1860.

Late one moonlit Christmas eve many years ago a tired ~~Russian~~ officer of the Russian <sup>Imperial</sup> Army drove his sweating ~~ponies~~ ponies into <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ ~~frontyard~~ barnyard of the a small <sup>Finnish</sup> ~~village~~ village near the western border of Finnish Karelia.

The bells of his sledge brought the Finnish maid Aiti to the door.



Of Dream and Shadow.

~~Their father, Matti, had immigrated  
from Finland before Mr. Kinley was shot~~

The three <sup>Finnish</sup> brothers lived <sup>in a log home</sup> on a farm by  
the river.

The Big Dead river flows in Silver  
Lake



to ~~travelling~~ <sup>travelling</sup> ~~right~~ <sup>years</sup> from the time he had arrived in America from Finland. He had met his <sup>young</sup> wife on the shipboard coming over. The ship was that of a Swedish-American line.

### Of Dream and Shadow <sup>a faint memory</sup>

<sup>son of</sup> Kaarlo <sup>Deli Kishi</sup> was an old man when

he and his <sup>young</sup> ~~son~~ <sup>friend</sup> ~~clear~~ <sup>It took</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>Ralle Koshi</sup> farm by the river. <sup>in</sup> ~~When~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>done</sup>, he died. <sup>He</sup> ~~died~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>winter</sup> ~~time~~, <sup>When</sup> ~~Matti~~ <sup>Ralle</sup> Koshi died he left three sons, ~~one of whom was insane,~~ and an eighty acre farm by the <sup>big</sup> river.

The oldest <sup>son</sup> <sup>of</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>Matti</sup>, the next was blue-eyed Akreli, who ~~stammered~~, and then <sup>tall</sup> young Kaarlo, who <sup>looked</sup> like his father, ~~Kalle~~, the brown-eyed one, <sup>the</sup> ~~quickest~~ <sup>son</sup>.

During the funeral ~~young~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~service~~ in the log farmhouse, young <sup>Kaarlo</sup> Kalle had occupied himself churning butter in the kitchen, his dark hair hanging in his burning brown eyes. He did not look up when the men from the Kaleva lodge carried his father's  ~~coffin~~ <sup>out</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>kitchen</sup> ~~door~~, <sup>across</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>cremating</sup> ~~area~~, <sup>where</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>water</sup> ~~ing~~ <sup>horses</sup> stood steaming and blowing vapors after their long trip <sup>out</sup> ~~from~~ <sup>town</sup>.

"Good bye, Kalle," Reverend Mimi had said as he closed the <sup>young</sup> ~~Kalle~~ kitchen door. <sup>home</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>had</sup> ~~driven~~ <sup>When</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>funeral</sup> ~~party~~ ~~drove~~ <sup>past</sup> the cow barn, the bath house, and into the avenue of jack pines bordering the way <sup>to</sup> the main road, young Kalle stopped churning butter. He was alone ~~in~~ <sup>his</sup>

Smiling quietly



2nd draft  
Feb 7, 1939

→ Of Love and its Shadows.

THE BEAUTY AND FREEDOM OF LOVE

Of Love and its Freedom.

LOVE IS BEAUTIFUL; LOVE IS FREE

~~There are places in America~~

During the <sup>hushed</sup> funeral service young Kaarlo sat in the kitchen of the log farmhouse and <sup>slowly</sup> read his grandmother's <sup>diary</sup> ~~diary~~. Occasionally he would raise his dark eye from the tatted <sup>front</sup> old book and listen.

<sup>In the parlor room</sup> The Finnish minister <sup>said</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~saying~~ <sup>things</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>things</sup> about his father, about old Kaarlo. "So <sup>our</sup> <sup>friend</sup> <sup>then</sup> <sup>good</sup> friend

Kaarlo Koski <sup>and his mother, Aili,</sup> left their home in Finland and came to ~~this place in Michigan~~ <sup>to this place in Michigan</sup> where he found <sup>his</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>land</sup> near the ~~big river~~ <sup>big river</sup>. And he worked for many years clearing this land <sup>and his woman and his mother, Aili,</sup> ~~and his woman~~ <sup>and his woman did.</sup> ~~and they~~ <sup>helped him</sup> to take away the trees and the stumps, <sup>to pile</sup> ~~and the~~ <sup>big</sup> ~~rocks~~ <sup>rocks</sup>. And now our Kaarlo's work is done, for he <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>dead</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>dead</sup>..."

Young Kaarlo smiled faintly, and turned back to the diary. He was still reading it, <sup>when</sup> ~~when~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the <sup>funeral</sup> ~~funeral <sup>procession</sup> ~~procession~~ <sup>filed</sup> ~~filed~~ <sup>through</sup> ~~through~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the <sup>kitchen</sup> ~~kitchen~~. He did not look up as the men from the Kaleva lodge <sup>carried</sup> ~~carried~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~his <sup>father</sup> ~~father~~ <sup>out</sup> ~~out~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the <sup>kitchen</sup> ~~kitchen~~ <sup>door</sup> ~~door~~ and across the crunching snow to the hearse. He did not see his <sup>two</sup> ~~two~~ <sup>older</sup> ~~older <sup>brothers</sup> ~~brothers~~, Matti and Akseli, as they paused for a moment, waiting for him, and then <sup>turned</sup> ~~turned~~ <sup>back</sup> ~~back and left the farmhouse.~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Kaarlo felt a hand on his shoulder. "Goodbye, Kaarlo. I hope that you will be happy."

Kaarlo <sup>quickly</sup> ~~looked~~ <sup>closed</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>book</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>looked</sup> ~~up~~. It was the Finnish minister from town. ~~Kaarlo looked back at~~ "Thank you," he mumbled as the minister closed the kitchen door, leaving him alone in the farmhouse, <sup>reading</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>grandmother's</sup> ~~diary~~. He heard the <sup>motor</sup> ~~motor~~ <sup>roar</sup> ~~roar~~, and the <sup>procession</sup> ~~procession~~ <sup>thrum</sup> ~~thrum <sup>away</sup> ~~away~~.~~

There was one part he read over and over. He always smiled when he read that part...



The sound of the bells <sup>slight</sup> awoke me. I ran and opened the door. <sup>The</sup> horses stood steaming in the moonlight. The men <sup>were singing Christmas songs.</sup> some Russians, <sup>officers</sup> came to our farmhouse. They are on their way home to St. Petersburg for Christmas, but ~~some~~ <sup>some</sup> afraid they will be late, for ~~tomorrow~~ <sup>this day is</sup> "Christ's day."

Kaarlo pushed his dark hair from his eyes, and smiled. He was coming to the ~~good~~ <sup>part</sup> he <sup>particularly</sup> liked.

"One of the Russians <sup>was</sup> called Karl. He <sup>was</sup> tall and <sup>young and</sup> his eyes were dark. While I was cooking, <sup>He was not like the others.</sup> supper he left the ~~rest~~ <sup>table</sup> and came <sup>in</sup> to the kitchen. My mother was fixing a place for them to sleep.

"What is your name?" he said. 'Aili,' I <sup>answered.</sup> He looked at me in a strange way, <sup>his dark hair falling in his eyes.</sup> He <sup>withholding me.</sup> kissed me. 'Aili,' is all he said. He was a strange man, ~~a~~ <sup>and very</sup> very sad <sup>and young.</sup> man. I felt <sup>sad and</sup> lonely ~~with him~~ for him.

"My mother and I fed the Russian <sup>men.</sup> <sup>officers.</sup> My brother <sup>went and</sup> fed the horses. ~~The~~ <sup>And my mother and brother and I went to bed.</sup> The Russians ~~then~~ went to bed. The farmhouse grew silent, <sup>and still</sup> except for the great snoring of the Russian men. <sup>I heard</sup> My bedroom door open. On the moonlight, <sup>from the window</sup> I saw <sup>it was</sup> the Russian, Karl. He stood there near to me. He was trembling. There were <sup>big</sup> tears falling from his eyes. 'Aili,' he <sup>whispered.</sup>

"When I came to the kitchen, <sup>on the</sup> <sup>Christmas</sup> <sup>morning</sup> the <sup>had</sup> gone, the Russians had left. My mother pointed at a <sup>fine</sup> fur robe lying over my ~~chair~~ <sup>by the window.</sup> 'It is from the tall one' she said.

"I wonder and I ~~am~~ <sup>keep</sup> thinking — will I ever see my lonely Karl again?"

~~Kaarlo closed the diary and <sup>quietly</sup> walked to the kitchen window. The funeral procession was out of sight. He went over the cupboard and pushed it out from the wall and removed a board from the ~~floor.~~ <sup>floor.</sup> He reached down and drew out a tin box <sup>a shining new rifle and a box of shells.</sup> and opened it. <sup>He also found</sup> ~~in it he placed~~ <sup>from it</sup> he removed a magazine and <sup>replaced</sup> the diary. He took some writing paper <sup>also</sup> from tin box and a pencil and sat by the kitchen table.~~



Young Kaarlo closed the diary and <sup>walked</sup> quickly to the kitchen window, rubbing off the frost with his hand. The funeral procession had passed out of sight around the <sup>It was snowing gently and lightly.</sup> reverse bend of the river. He went over to the cupboard and pushed it from the wall. He knelt and removed a board from the floor. He reached down and drew out <sup>a tattered bear-skin robe and</sup> a shining new rifle and a box of shells. He <sup>also</sup> found a tin box which he

removed. <sup>He took</sup> a magazine and some writing paper from the tin box, <sup>and placed them on the kitchen table.</sup> He put the bear robe over the chair and the rifle on the table.

He sat on the chair

<sup>by the table, curling his tongue,</sup> <sup>slowly writing</sup> <sup>oblivious</sup> ~~he sat, writing~~ <sup>at</sup> letters, and addressed an

letter

<sup>envelope.</sup> <sup>When he was finally done,</sup> <sup>addressed it,</sup> He sealed the letter in the envelope, and placed the

in the tin box, <sup>He</sup> replaced the box <sup>under the floor, put back</sup> the board, <sup>and</sup> rolled back

the cupboard. <sup>He</sup> went <sup>to the wash basin and</sup> looked at himself in the <sup>mirrored</sup> mirror over the wash basin. He looked at

himself for a long time in the mirror, frowning, smiling, laughing out loud; flashing his eyes, showing his teeth,

turning his head this way and that way. Then he <sup>carefully</sup> combed his hair and walked slowly over to the kitchen table. He put six cartridges in the rifle, injected one into the chamber, and placed the rifle on the table.

He sat down by the table within reach of the rifle, facing the kitchen door. He sat there <sup>slowly</sup> reading ~~the~~ <sup>his lips moving as he read.</sup> ~~motion picture~~ <sup>It was growing</sup> magazine.

It was growing dusk when he heard his two

brothers drive into the farmyard. He put the magazine on the table. He heard them put the Ford into the garage, walk

to the cow barn and close the door. <sup>He reached the rifle from the table.</sup> <sup>When he</sup> heard <sup>his brothers</sup> foot steps

crunching across the snow <sup>towards</sup> the farmhouse, he raised the rifle, pulled back the hammer, and sat there aiming at the kitchen door.



↑ space ↓

~~Many months later~~ When the W. P. A. destroyed old Kaarlo Koski's ~~farmhouse~~ <sup>abandoned</sup> farmhouse, to make room for the new <sup>scenic</sup> highway <sup>along the river,</sup> a workman found an ~~old~~ <sup>rusty</sup> tin box under the <sup>kitchen</sup> floor. He opened the <sup>rusty</sup> box with his pick, and in it he found a <sup>tattered and</sup> moulded leather book written in a strange language. "Must be Arabian," he said, as he hurled it into the river. He took the letter to his foreman, and they sat by the river and read it.

It was addressed to a ~~motion picture~~ <sup>a star of the silent films,</sup> motion picture actress in ~~Happy~~ California, who had been dead for many years. At the head of the letter was printed:

"Kaarlo Koski, Jr.  
Kaarlo Koski, Jr. Esq.  
R.F.D. No. 1, Box 48  
Iron Ridge, Mich."

"Get a load of this!" said the foreman, reading Kaarlo Koski's last letter.

"Dear my Kaarlo, who is the reader of my thick books and magazines

My brothers, Matti and Aabeli, are still stealing your letters from the mail box. First it is Matti, then it is Aabeli. But I understand, they are jealous of me, for they are short and blue and yellow haired, while I, Kaarlo, am tall and dark and brown eyed, like my grandfather, a Russian gentleman. It is that they their hearts are filled with envy at our great and beautiful love.

I will meet this letter in the morning, for tonight there is work to be done. Come, my sweetheart, hurry to your Kaarlo, who will be waiting for you - alone!



The <sup>W.P.A.</sup> foreman crumpled the <sup>damp</sup> letter and threw it into the <sup>bin</sup>.

"Jimpin' Christ, Ed," he said, "I thought my woman was daffy enough over the movies, but this guy's just plain screwbull." He panned, missing out loud, "But he ~~do~~ sure could pick 'em, Ed — I always was kind of keen on ~~my~~ that dame myself — she could a sleep' with me any night, an' it wouldn't a charged <sup>cost</sup> her a dime."



THIRD  
DRAFT.  
FEB. 10, 1939.

OF LOVE AND ITS SHADOWS

During the hushed funeral service young Kaarlo sat in the kitchen of the log farmhouse and slowly read his grandmother's diary. Occasionally he would raise his <sup>brooding</sup> dark eyes from the tattered old book and listen.

In the front room the ~~Finnish~~ minister was talking in Finnish about his father, about old Kaarlo. He was saying many nice, solemn things. "So then our good friend Kaarlo Koski and his mother, Aili, left their home in Finland and came to America, <sup>in</sup> to this place <sup>to</sup> Michigan. ~~They came to this~~ place of snow and <sup>swampy and tall</sup> green trees, where he found his land, near <sup>the bend in</sup> the big river. ~~And it was here that he met his~~ ~~And~~ he and ~~his woman~~ and his mother, Aili, worked for many years clearing this land. Then his mother, <sup>Aili, grew tired and did die. So Kaarlo Koski married Maki's daughter.</sup> ~~Aili, died.~~ And this woman gave him three sons, and then his woman died. His three sons grew to be strong, and they <sup>helped</sup> him to take away the trees and the stumps, and to pile the big rocks by the banks of the river. And now our Kaarlo's work is done, for he, too, grew tired and is dead....."

Young Kaarlo smiled faintly, and turned back to the diary. He was still reading it, frowning, when the funeral procession filed out through the kitchen. He did not look up as the men from the Kaleva lodge carried his father out through the <sup>bare, uncarpeted room,</sup> kitchen, through the kitchen door and across the crunching snow to the hearse. He did not see his two older brothers, Matti and Akseli, as they paused for a moment, waiting for him, and then turned and left the farmhouse.

"Goodbye, Kaarlo. I hope that you will be happy."

Kaarlo quickly closed the book and looked up. It was the Finnish minister from town. "Thank you," he mumbled, as the minister <sup>quietly</sup> closed the kitchen door, leaving him alone in the farmhouse. He heard the <sup>spitting of the</sup> frosty motors, ~~rear,~~ the crunch and squeal of the <sup>moving</sup> tires, and the funeral procession drove away.



Kaarlo went on reading his grandmother's diary. There was one part he read over and over. He always smiled when he <sup>came to</sup> read that part.... <sup>"It was late"</sup> last night <sup>when the</sup> some Russian officers came to <sup>the</sup> our farmhouse. The sound of the sleigh bells awoke me. I ran and opened the door. The horses stood <sup>there</sup> steaming in the moonlight. The men were singing Christmas songs. They <sup>were</sup> on their way home to St. Petersburg for Christmas <sup>^</sup> but they will be late, for this day is Christ's day."

Kaarlo pushed his dark hair from his eyes, and smiled. He was coming to the part he particularly liked.

"One of the Russians was called Karl. He was tall and young and his eyes were <sup>sadly</sup> dark. He was not like the others. <sup>He did not try to pinch me.</sup> While I was cooking the supper he left the rest and came into the kitchen. <sup>My mother was</sup> ~~fixing a place for them to sleep.~~

"What is your name?" he said. 'Aili,' I answered. He looked at me in a strange way, his dark hair falling in <sup>to</sup> his eyes. He kissed me without touching me. 'Aili,' is all he said. He was a strange man, very sad and <sup>very</sup> young. I felt sad and lonely for him.

"My mother and I fed the Russian men. My brother went out and fed the horses. <sup>were tired and some were drunk and they</sup> The Russians <sup>^</sup> went to bed. And then my mother and brother and I went to bed. The farmhouse grew silent and still except for the great snoring of the Russian men.

"I heard my bedroom door open. In the <sup>path of the</sup> moonlight from the window stood the Russian, Karl. 'Aili,' he whispered, near to me. He was trembling. There were big tears falling from his eyes. 'Aili,' he whispered.

"When I came to the kitchen on this Christmas morning he had gone, the <sup>Russians</sup> ~~Romans~~ had left. My mother pointed at a fine fur robe lying over my stool by the window. 'It is from the tall one' she said.

"I wonder and I keep thinking -- will I ever see my lonely Karl again?"

Young Kaarlo closed the diary and walked quickly to the <sup>curtainless</sup> kitchen



window, rubbing off the frost with his hand. The funeral procession had passed out of sight around the <sup>wide</sup> bend of the river. It was snowing gently and lightly. He went over to the cupboard and pushed it from the wall. He knelt and ~~is~~ <sup>pried</sup> ~~moved~~ a board from the floor. He reached down and drew out <sup>an old</sup> a tattered bear-skin robe, <sup>a tin box, and</sup> and a shiny new rifle, and a box of shells. He also found a tin box which he removed. ~~tin box~~

Kaarlo took a magazine and some writing paper from the tin box and placed them on the kitchen table. He put the <sup>tattered</sup> fur robe over the chair and the rifle on the table. He sat on the chair by the table, curling his tongue, slowly writing a letter. When he was finally done, he sealed the letter in the envelope, addressed it, and placed the letter in the tin box <sup>along with his grandmother's diary.</sup> He ~~replaced~~ <sup>put</sup> the box under the floor, <sup>carefully replaced</sup> ~~put back~~ the board, and rolled the cupboard back in place.

Young Kaarlo then went and <sup>stood before</sup> ~~looked at himself~~ in the rippled mirror hanging over the wash basin. He looked at himself for a long time in the mirror, frowning, smiling, laughing out loud; flashing his <sup>dark</sup> eyes, showing his teeth, turning his head this way and that. ~~way~~. Then he carefully combed his hair and walked slowly over to the kitchen table. He put six cartridges in the rifle, injected one into the chamber, and placed the rifle on the table.

He sat down by the table within reach of the rifle, facing the kitchen door. He sat there slowly reading the magazine, his lips moving as he read.

It was growing dusk when he heard his two brothers drive into the farmyard, <sup>returning from the funeral.</sup> He ~~lay~~ the magazine on the table. He heard <sup>his brother</sup> ~~them~~ put the <sup>auto</sup> ~~Ford~~ into the garage next to the cow barn and close the doors. He reached <sup>for</sup> the rifle from the table. When he heard his brothers' footsteps crunching across the snow towards the farmhouse, he raised the rifle, pulled back the hammer, and sat there aiming at the kitchen door.



*During the summer* \* \* \*

When the WPA <sup>men</sup> destroyed old Kaarlo Koski's <sup>empty</sup> abandoned farmhouse, to make room for the new scenic highway along the river, a workman found a ~~tin~~ tin box under the kitchen floor. He opened the rusted box with his pick, and in it he found a tattered and mouldy leather book written in a strange language. "Must be Arabian," he said, as he hurled it into the river. He took the letter to his foreman, and they sat by the river and <sup>opened it.</sup> ~~read it.~~

*California is a state in America.*  
It was addressed to a motion picture actress in California, a ~~star~~ of the silent films, who had been dead for many years. At the head of the letter was printed in blue letters:

"Kaarlo Koski, Jr. Esq.  
R.F.D. No. 1, Box 48  
Iron Ridge, Mich."

"Get a load of this!" said the foreman, reading Kaarlo Koski's last letter.

"Darling,

"I have been reading <sup>the</sup> your story of your love life in the new movie magazine. Your pictures are more beautiful and sorrowful than ever. Your first two husbands must have been mean and dreadful men. Like <sup>angry</sup> dogs. My heart bleeds for you. I, Kaarlo, your lover, will treat you tenderly and shelter you always from evil.

*Old Kaarlo was my father.*  
"Today they have buried old Kaarlo. The smart ones said it was his heart was too <sup>tired</sup> ~~old~~. They think they are so wise and call me queer -- but it is I, Kaarlo, who <sup>am</sup> ~~is~~ the reader of <sup>many</sup> thick books and magazines.

"My <sup>bro</sup> brothers, Matti and Akseli, are still stealing your letters <sup>to me</sup> from the mail box. First it is Matti, then it is Akseli. But I <sup>knows</sup> understand, they are jealous of me, because it is they are short and blue and yellow Finns, while I, Kaarlo, am tall and dark and brown eyes, like my grandfather, a <sup>military</sup> Russian gentle man. It is that their hearts are filled with envy at our great and beautiful love.



*From the catalog*

"Everything will be ready when you arrive. I have ordered new curtains <sup>and two ~~new~~ rugs</sup> from the catalog. If beaver trapping keeps up good we will <sup>order</sup> have a radio and <sup>some</sup> new bed made of maple wood. <sup>I have already bought a new rifle and traps. Last week I poisoned two coyotes and ~~one~~ old wolf.</sup>

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"Jumpin' Christ, Ed," he said, "I thought my woman was daffy enough over the movies -- but this <sup>here</sup> guy's just plain screwball." He <sup>looking across the river,</sup> paused, musing out loud. "But he sure <sup>can</sup> ~~could~~ pick 'em, Ed -- I always was kind <sup>of</sup> ~~of~~ keen on that dame myself -- she ~~could~~ a slep' with me any night, an' it wouldn't a cost her a dime."



Written by:  
John D. Voelker  
Ishpeming, Michigan

OF LOVE AND ITS SHADOWS

by  
Robert Traver

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"So then our good friend Kaarlo Koski and his mother, Aili, left their home in Finland and came to America. To this place in Michigan of snow and swamp and tall green trees, where he found his land, near the bend in the big river. And he and his mother, Aili, worked for many years clearing this land. Then his mother, Aili, grew tired and did die. So Kaarlo Koski married Maki's daughter. And this woman gave him three sons, and then his woman died. His three sons grew to be strong, and they helped him to take away the trees and the stumps, and to pile the big rocks by the banks of the river. And now our Kaarlo's work is done, for he, too, grew tired and is dead....."

Young Kaarlo smiled faintly, and turned back to the diary. He was still reading it, frowning, when the funeral procession filed out through the kitchen. He did not look up as the men from the Kaleva lodge carried his father out through the bare, unoccupied room, through the kitchen door and across the crunching snow to the hearse. He did not see his two older brothers, Matti and Akseli, as they paused for a moment, waiting for him, and then turned and left the farmhouse.

"Goodbye, Kaarlo. I hope that you will be happy."

Kaarlo quickly closed the book and looked up. It was the Finnish minister from town. "Thank you," he mumbled, as the minister quietly closed the kitchen door, leaving him alone in



the farmhouse. He heard the spitting of the frosty motors, the crunch and squeal of the moving tires, and the funeral procession drove away.

Kaarlo went on reading his grandmother's diary. There was one part he read over and over. He always smiled when he came to that part....."It was late last night when the Russian officers came to our farmhouse. The sound of the sleigh bells awoke me. I ran and opened the door. The horses stood there steaming in the moonlight. The men were singing Christmas songs. They were on their way home to St. Petersburg for Christmas -- but they will be late, for this day is Christ's day."

Kaarlo pushed his dark hair from his eyes, and smiled. He was coming to the part he particularly liked.

"One of the Russians was called Karl. He was tall and young and his eyes were sadly dark. He was not like the others. He did not try to pinch me. While I was cooking the supper he left the rest and came into the kitchen.

"'What is your name?' he said. 'Aili,' I answered. He looked at me in a strange way, his dark hair falling into his eyes. He kissed me without touching me. 'Aili,' is all he said. He was a strange man, very sad and very young. I felt sad and lonely for him.

"My mother and I fed the Russian men. My brother went out and fed the horses. The Russians were tired and some were drunk and they went to bed. And then my mother and brother and I went to bed. The farmhouse grew silent and still except for the great snoring of the Russian men.

"I heard my bedroom door open. In the path of the moonlight from the window stood the Russian, Karl. 'Aili,' he whispered, near to me. He was trembling. There were big tears falling from his eyes. 'Aili,' he whispered.



"When I came to the kitchen on this Christmas morning he had gone, the Russians had left. My mother pointed at a fine fur robe lying over my stool by the window. 'It is from the tall one,' she said.

"I wonder and I keep thinking -- will I ever see my lonely Karl again?"

Young Kaarlo closed the diary and walked quickly to the curtainless kitchen window, rubbing off the frost with his hand. The funeral procession had passed out of sight around the wide bend of the river. It was snowing gently and lightly. He went over to the cupboard and pushed it from the wall. He knelt and pried a board from the floor. He reached down and drew out an old bearskin robe, a tin box, and a shiny new rifle.

Kaarlo took a magazine and some writing paper from the tin box and placed them on the kitchen table. He put the tattered fur robe over the chair and the rifle on the table. He sat on the chair by the table, curling his tongue, slowly writing a letter. When he was finally done, he sealed the letter in the envelope, addressed it, and placed the letter in the tin box along with his grandmother's diary. He put the box under the floor, replaced the board, and rolled the cupboard back in place.

Young Kaarlo then went and stood before the rippled mirror hanging over the wash basin. He looked at himself for a long time in the mirror, frowning, smiling, laughing out loud; flashing his dark eyes, showing his teeth, turning his head this way and that. Then he carefully combed his hair and walked slowly over to the kitchen table. He put six cartridges in the rifle, injected one into the chamber, and placed the rifle on the table.

He sat down by the table within reach of the rifle, facing the kitchen door. He sat there slowly reading the magazine, his lips moving as he read.



It was growing dusk when he heard his two brothers drive into the farmyard, returning from the funeral. He laid the magazine on the table. He heard his brothers put the auto into the garage next to the cow barn and close the doors. He reached for the rifle from the table. When he heard his brothers' footsteps crunching across the snow towards the farmhouse, he raised the rifle, pulled back the hammer, and sat there aiming at the kitchen door.

During the summer when the WPA men destroyed old Kaarlo Koski's empty farmhouse to make room for the new scenic highway along the river, a workman found a tin box under the kitchen floor. He opened the rusted box with his pick, and in it he found an unmailed letter and a tattered and mouldy leather book written in a strange language. "Must be Arabian," the workman said, as he hurled the book into the river. He took the letter to his foreman, and they sat by the river and opened it.

It was addressed to a motion picture actress in California. California is a state of America. At the head of the letter was printed in blue letters:

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Iron Ridge, Mich."

"Get a load of this!" said the foreman, reading Kaarlo Koski's last letter.

"Darling,

"I have been reading the story of your love life in the new movie magazine. Your pictures are more beautiful and sorrowful than ever. Your first two husbands must have been mean and dreadful men. Like angry dogs. My heart bleeds for you. I, Kaarlo, your lover, will treat you tenderly and shelter you always from evil.



"Today they have buried old Kaarlo. Old Kaarlo was my father. The smart ones said it was his heart was too tired. They think they are so wise and call me queer -- but it is I, Kaarlo, who am the reader of thick books and many magazines.

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Written by:  
John D. Voelker  
Ishpeming, Michigan

READING TIME: FIVE MINUTES

by  
Robert Traver

Dear Editor:-

Enclosed please find MS of my latest short-story vehicle which I respectfully submit for your inspection. I have just finished it fresh, so please excuse any typographical errors that may exist therein. I wanted you to get it quick. Despite it is a little mussed, you are the first ones to whom I am sending it to.

Personally, it is my conviction that every literary endeavor should stand on its own legs. Or to borrow from another figure: Each dog should wag his own tale, so to speak!! And I venture to say the Editors of high-class magazines like you are pretty fed up on these undeveloped writers -- these dumb Miltons -- whom persist to enclose their private literary Rosetta Stones with every MS tendered.

But in this particular instance I am breaking a ruling of long standing with me in my creative side. I sure would like to be there and witness your consternation when the following data is divulged to you, viz:

You see, this short-story really happened! Though I can commiserate with your scarcely believing it. But I know it really transpired because it happened to me, incredible as these facts may sound. It was while I was on that trip to the World's Fair in Chicago, and if I ever could locate that girl again or that hotel she would re-affirm what I am now telling you in breaking my Golden Literary Rule.

No one will ever know the anguish, the heartache, the bitter salt tears which the enclosed cost me when its events happened. I sure ran the gamut. And God how I sweat at night to catch it down again on paper like I have. (Personally, I always write my best



late at night; a funny thing.) Anyways, it is worth it if the world can have another significant bit of life in the form of a short-story medium.

I am sure Chekov (the Russian genius) must have endured such agony of spirits as me, because I read a short-story of his very like my enclosed one once. I mean, the Plot and Setting was all different, of course, but the same Style and the same dark wastes of the soul was laid bare in that masterpiece. But Chekov's was sadder, like his native steppes is. I am essentially a person of happy spirits, as you will see by the denouement at the end of mine.

Your records will disclose that this is not the first literary effort I have ushered your way. Though you never seemed to run out of rejection slips when it came around to me. You only changed their color, ha ha!!

I hope you will disregard that irate letter I wrote you that time about accusing you of not reading only MSS by "big names." I now realize that I had at that period not achieved my full literary maturity. So it is all right with me to dissolve past differences, if any, and let bygones be bygones. After all, us people in the literary game can best serve the muse by a spirit of understanding fellowship plus a spirit of mutual coordination.

I liked that first short-story you carried in your last issue. It was sure O.K. except that funny, cryptical ending. But you can see easy he has fine literary feeling; that lean, aware style of a real budding talent. I have read your magazine regular for a long time (I buy it on the stands), but his short-story's muted rythms struck in me a responsive chord of a kindred spirit, except that part. I would like to get a look at that fellow. Why don't you never run more pictures of your literary artists? It is never to late to start.



Have omitted enclosing stamps as just ran out of same. Wanted to get this in the mail quick before I get changing story around, a bad fault of mine.

Upon receipt of enclosed I wish you would please kindly have one of your subordinate helpers drop me a line anent plagerism rights where they make a movie out of it. I mean, where they kidnap your literary brain-child without asking. I smell something "rotten in Denmark" about another story of mine and I want to get at the bottom of it.

Upon acceptance of enclosed (if you should, of course!!) please advise your price before printing same. Like most care-free creative artists, I do not care for money, as such, but in this instance you catch me with payments on typewriter and on that advanced writing course taken to brush up. But that course is really worth it because they have discovered and developed in me, to use their own words at the end of the first course, my "unusually simple, rugged style; lean, aware and pointed" is what they said. I enclose true copy of their communication.

So I think you will excuse me appending this little note of explanation to the above material, contrary to my rules.

Respt. yours,

A LONG ADMIRER OF YOUR MAGAZINE.



Written by:  
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Ishpeming, Michigan

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